Darned Rhine

LFRED DE MUSSET lives in literary memory as a perfumed and languid poet; but history often does some strange, upsetting things to tradition. The following poem is so far from his best known work that merely by comparison it is interesting, without adding the interest attaching to the events that produced it. The poems were printed recently in "The Providence Evening Bulletin."

The German Rhine

By Nikolaus Becker It never shall be France's, The free, the German Rhine, Tho' raven-like she glances And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding It wears its mantle green, So long as oar dividing Its mirrored wave is seen;

It never shall be France's, The free, the German Rhine, So long as youth enhances His fervor with its wine.

So long as, sentry keeping, The rocks its margin stud; So long as spires are steeping Their image in its flood;

It never shall be France's,

Its lusty trout to shore,

Until its broad expanse is

The free, the German Rhine, So long as festive dances Its lover-groups combine; So long as angler bringeth

So long as minstrel singeth Its praise from door to door. It never shall be France's, The free, the German Rhine,

Its last defender's shrine. The Reply By Alfred Musset

Your German Rhine has been ours before! It has served our wassail bowls to fill. an singing its praise from door to door Efface the hoof-prints legible still, Of our cavalry charge that bathed its left bank in your gore?

Your German Rhine has been ours before! On its breast the wound yet gapeth

Which conquering Condé made when he Thre' its mantle of green to the fur-

thre side: where chee the sire has ridden, shall the

· c flot ride once more?

ur Gentan Rhine has been ours before! Of your German virtues what remains When across its flood our legions pour And the Empire overclouds your

plains? When all your men have fallen, have . . other men in store?

Your German Rhine has been ours before! If ye your annals would fain forget Your daughters remember the days of

And wish the Frenchman among then For whom your vintage white they were

always blithe to pour. If your German Rhine be yours once

more. Then wash your liveries in its tide; But pitch your arrogance somewhat

Can you recall with generous pride Your myriad raven-beaks that drank the dying Eagle's gore?

May your German Rhine flow evermore In peace; and modestly may each spire Be mirrored fair in its glassy floor! But, oh, keep down your bacchanal fire Which else may rouse to life again the victor hearts of yore.

Those Devil-Dogs

WITH all due honor and respect to our other fighting forces, the marines are the American favorites, and stories about them are always in order. A recent one is "Those Marines," by G. N. Garvin in "The National Marine." Describing the joyous preparations of a consignment of marines to sail from Quantico, Va., for France, Mr. Garvin

"So they grinned and were happy. They were going into danger; they only laughed They were a part of an organization that weaklings would have feared. Their regimental number was thirteen, and it was now 3 o'clock on the morning of Friday. the 13th. Yet they had chosen this day to

embark on the greatest trip of their lives! "'Just like a bunch of Marines,' chuckled an onlooker, 'The only way thirteen can act as a hoodoo will be to the Kaiser. Already I've seen them shaking hands with each other thirteen times, slapping each other on the back thirteen times, singing thirteen songs and I know of one fellow who tried to take thirteen black cats along. They're planning to make the trip in thirteen days-and that will land them in France on a date that's twice thirteen the 26th. But it's just like 'em!'

"The blurred forms of many men were hurrying slong now. Great lines had formed; there came the sound of sharp commands, the elattering of the rifles, the crunching of thousands of those hobnailed boots upon the gravel then the sturdy swell of thousands of voices, singing, singng in the moonlight as the men marched away to their entrainment."

Keep Your Heroes on New York's Own Chemin des Dames The Buzz

Impressions From the Pencil of Nelson Greene, Reproduced From "The Right-About", a New Paper Published by Soldiers for Soldier-Patients at Debarkation Hospitals No. 1, No. 3 and No. 4,

New York City



Heave Ho! On the Salty Main

Two poems by Howard Dietz from "Navy Life." The drawings are by O'Neill.

The Nautical Muse

HAIL! ERE'S to the geb, on land or on sea-The sailor who's keeping the world's waters free. The salties who peddle their sandpaper

necks Are there with the "bright work" and swabbing down decks.

They've shown all their foemen the way they raise They've convoyed across an American mob-That made the damned Kaiser grow sick of his job-

So here's to the gob!

Here's to the gob, abroad or at home! He's brought about peace on a turbulent foam; He's served in the trench with the English and

When fighting's the game he is shy of the bench, For the sailor's a mixer and never a snob-He'll fight with a highbrow as well as a slob, Especially Germans who murder and rob-So here's to the gob!

Here's to the gob-whatever his rate, Apprentice or fireman or seaman or mate; He's given his trifle to help win the war, me praise isn't any one's store. So fill up your goblets-drink toast to the gob, The Knight of the Mop and the Czar of the Swab! The time is for laughter and nary a sob-So here's to the goh!

Chow

HE food that one gets in the army or navythe gravy,

Is classified under the general head Of "Chow."

You work like a Turk and you limber your spine; You go through the mill of a vigorous drill, But though you're exhausted you still get a fill Of "Chow."

It sounds Oriental, but tastes very pleasant. You never get filets or turkey or pheasant, But when it comes down to the crux of the matter There's only one title that goes with a platter Of "Chow."



ERE is a picture of homewending British marines with real, authentic flavor. It is contributed by "Bish" to "The Spectator" (London):

What is it that No. 1 is whispering into vant shortly after break into the marines' mess and cause the faces of the inhabitants thereof to shine? There's no mystery about it; it's the beginning of a buzz, and it's just getting a really healthy start on it. A buzz is a valuable thing to a ship. It's about equal to the last edition of an evening paper with a startling bit of news in the stop-press. It may, and probably will, be contradicted in the morning, but it provides splendid amusement while it lasts. It may be about anything or nothing.

Like a rumor in an Eastern bazaar, it travels with the speed of the telegraph. Anyhow, life would be a dull concern these days without a healthy buzz. The one that No. 1 is promulgating this morning is the most popular, the most often-proved-wrong. the most inspiriting of all the genus.

"I tell you it's a dead snip, pilot, a moral cert. January! I've written to Gieve for a new monkey jacket. I wonder if that show with Elsie Janis in it will still be on." "Steady, old dear. This is the fifth time in the last three months, to my knowledge. that you've ordered something new for your wardrobe and inquired what's on at the Palace, and all on the strength of some rotten buzz. Anyhow, what are you going on this time?" . No. 1's answer almost convinces the cynical navigator. "The boat swain and the carpenter have been teld to get out lists of what they want done in the refit." This is good enough, and off go the amiable friends, not to suggest a rumor to their messmates, but to announce a fact. "What a frowst there is in here Do open the scuttles, then you'll be able to bear the good tidings. A drop of leaf in January." The paymaster, in the most comfortable armchairs, per usual, opening on eye, remarked, with that innate courtes; which distinguishes messmates of three years' standing: "You're a liar, No. 1, and the Father of Lies. That buzz has got whiskers on it." Thus the wardroom and the lower deck with but little difference No. 1's servant, on bringing the news to No. 6 mess, is greated with the remark, "You're a ruddy liar, Alf." Only one word different. Still, it must be confessed in common fairness to No. 1 that he was nearer the mark than usual, as we were ordered to our refit within three months of his stated time.

Speaking of Grand Opera And Music-

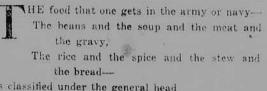
The scene at the station of the Godforsaken spot where we entrain for our leave is a cheery one. A long special is drawn up ready, and this is to be our home for the next twenty hours or so until the dear west country is reached. This matelot proceeding on leave does not leave himself unprovided for. Bulky packages of food are placed on the racks, tobacco pouches resembling suitcases are got readfor use, and musical instruments intended. for lighter moments are displayed, and before leaving the station thoroughly tested. Nebuchadnezzar's private orchestra would have looked silly beside our little lot. counted two cornets, three concertinas. banjo, two gramcphones (would any one be a bluejacket take a gramophone a few hued miles on fourteen days piccole, two violins and "other music. mostly mouth organs. Noticing that my carriage was in close proximity to the cen-tre of the musical world, I anticipated some harmony somewhere south of Perth, and it. this I was not disappointed.

At the principal stations on our journey south we indulge in playful badinage with the local inhabitants. Jumper Collis is our leading hand at this and has a reputation to keep up. At Perth he entered into an intimate and friendly discussion of railway strikes with a uniformed official, who received his efforts but ill. I only caught the last few words of Jumper's address. "You go 'ome and tell your old 'ooman to have you insured, for with a face like that you might go off at any minute." To my mind it seemed a little personal, but the train rocked with laughter, so I suppose it was all right. At Carlisle pleasantries were exchanged between Jumper and a fair maiden in charge of a refreshment truck, We had been north some time, and had not yet got accustomed to the fair and just prices charged for things. Jumper, alluding to the lady as "Sybil, dear," asked her yfor a banana, and on being told that five pence was a fair price, remarked, in whan the Blue thinks is a Piccadilly swell's voice: "No, dearest, you misunderstand me. I wish to buy one banana, not a plantation."

But What Need Of Sleep?

From what I could gather on that trip, my shipmates never slept. The night was made hideous by "Little Gray Homes in the West" on cornets, imitation of church bells on the concertinas, and, crowning indignity, the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" by some sportsman on a banjo. At Bristol we began to lose some of our number, and I began to think we should lose more, as it seemed necessary for the whole trainload to get out and personally conduct the twelve Bristol men to the exit. The first big exodus was at Exeter, where we left a goodly number to brighten homes at Ottery St. Mary, Budleigh, Exmouth, and other small places that helped to man our fleet, At last, weary, but happy, we steamed into North Road Station, and as we rolled in a roar went up which shook the whole roof. The platform was almost as packed as the train. Women and children swarmed like locusts. Every one seemed to know every one else. I myself saw one P. O., whom (had always thought of as rather a shy man, kiss six different women, and I believe only one belonged to him. Off they all went, cheery, laughing groups, and it made my heart all warm. I had lived with those men for three years, I'd seen them in fair and foul weather, I knew most of their troubles, and, above all, I loved them. Godspeed, shipmates mine, on your crowded days of happiness you've carried it





You quit sleep at five and you start it at nine;

What matters the dress of the mess anyhow? Just serve up the cabbage or serve up the cow. The lad in the service will gobble it in-He never holds back when it's time for the tin-Of "Chow."

